When holie and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, with two Bishops aloft.

Maior. See where he stands betweene two clergie men.
Buck. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantagenet, most gratious Prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.
Glo. I do suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eies,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame seat, the throne maiesticall,
The sceptred office of your auncestors,
The lineall glorie of your royall house,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defac't with stars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily solicit,
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty thereof,
Not as Protector steward substitute,

Or lowlie factor for anothers gain
But as succeßiuely from bloud to
Your right of birth, your Emperie
For this consorted with the Citiz
Your very worshipfull and louing
And by their vehement instigatio
In this iust sute come I to mooue
Glo. I know not whether to de
Or bitterly to speake in your rep
Best fitteth my degree or your co
Your loue deserues my thankes, b
Vnmeritable shunnes your high
First if all obstacles were cut awa
And that my path were euen to t
As my right reuenew and dew by
Yet so much is my pouerty of spi
So mightie and so many my defe
As I h I rather hide me from my
Beeing a Barke to brooke no mig
Then in my greatnesse couet to
And in the vapour of my glory
But God be thanked there's no
And much I need to helpe you i
The royall tree hath left vs roya
Which mellowed by the stealin
Will well become the seate of m
And make no doubt vs happie b
On him I lay what you would la
The right and fortune of his ha
Which God defend that I shuld
Buc. My lord, this argues cõscie
But the respects thereof are nic
All circumstances well consid
You say, that Edward is your b
So say we too, but not by Edwa
For first he was contract to Lad
Your mother liues a witnesse t
And afterward by substitute b

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